III.

How that dreadful piece of midnight man-

lifting was accomplished I blush even now

to recollect. When I broke, unannounced,

into his room the wretched victim was

writing laboriously on blue foolscap. At his elbow was an open book, which he coyly shut on my approach, slipping it beneath a newspaper. He was copying out his sermon for the ensuing Sunday.

I put the case to him bluntly, without throwing in a word for its defense. He was to come with me there and then. If he came peaceably so much the better. If

he came peaceably, so much the better. If he resisted, I had a powerful boat's crew below who would carry him off, willy-nilly. I recommended him to avoid scandal and uproar, and submit to the stronger hand. He said he would. He sought permission

to pack a small black handbag with books and raiment; but I was too much scared to

It was far too hot to think of sleep be- | You see, her father doted on her, and all low. The women, of course, had to stay the niggers round were slaves.

There's a good deal of abuse thrown at there, unfortunate crea ures; but of us men,

beside the after wheelhouse. The diplomatist was the only one among

there, unfortunate crea ures; but of us men, most had dragged mattresses out on the upper deck and were sprawling on them beside the after wheelhouse.

There's a good deal of abuse infown at Brazil, as being a country where people starve, and die of fevers, and get shot in the weekly revolutions, and robbed by a system of brigandage known as legal pro-

cess; but out of every half million there is one man who contrives to avoid these pesconfidentially to the close Red sea night.

The diplomatist was the only one among us out of complete pajamas; his nether limbs were draped in a silken burmese lungyl, which looked like a petticoat. The rest of us were too languid for speech, but he (perhaps through some virtue acquired from his flowing garment) seemed full of sententious utterances, which he delivered confidentially to the close Red sea night.

This was one of the things he said:

The diplomatist was the only one among one other heavily means the country from the dilute of a value of every-half million there is one and who contrives to avoid these pestilences, and in consequence waxes enormously rich. He makes use of the less fortunate, and treads on their heads with hob-nafled boots to assist him in his climb. There are few half-and-half people in Brazili. There are shoals of abnormally poor, and there is a small fistful, of the very abnormally rich. Mariquita's papa was one of these last. He had immigrated to the country from Chile in his early vouth, and creating the more heavily."

"On the contrary, sympathetic."

"Ah! I see you are jumping at conciusions. But, believe me, I do not intend to create a bad precedent here. I shall triumph. I shall still remain unbeaten. He left me because he had a—how do you call it? Not fiancee. Ah, sweetheart—because the had a sweetheart near his home. Tomor-nearly vouth, and creating the more heavily."

he'd only to say "Barkis" to be master of the whole lot, I'm sure such an idea never dawned upon him. He was an awful thickhead. Good heavens! If any of the rest of us had had things put to us a millionth part as broadly as he got 'em—for, mind you, Mariquita was never the woman to mince matters—I know we should have been down on our marrow bones singing out a proposal there and then, even if it had been in the middle of the Avenue de l'Opera.

However, one day it was reported he had suddenly packed up his traps and boiled back to England, and of course all Paris knew why. Mariquita didn't make the smallest secret about it. I saw her that one, without any beating about the bush, that I wanted to buy his yacht. He asked me if I wished to insult him. I said, did he think she was worth f10,000. He remarked, frigidly, that as she stood she represented f15,000. Whereupon I promptly offered him £30,000 and brought out my check book and filled him up a form. He took it like a lamb. Money is a great thing, ksn't it.?"

"Hum! You have been smart about it. Can I conclude the arrangements for you?"

"No. I packed off his icy lordship to manage that. I thought he'd do it better than you could. Now please tell me how you intend to kidnap my shy one on board." l'Opera.

However, one day it was reported he had suddenly packed up his traps and boited back to England, and of course all Paris knew why. Mariquita didn't make the smallest secret about it. I saw her that evening and we discussed the matter quite calmly. She put it frankly:

"He said he wouldn't have me. Fancy that!"

you intend to kidnap my shy one on board."

"I, most imperiat?"

"Yes, you. My imperial highness is graciously pleased to depute that trifling service to your hands."

"But the thing can't be done. It's against the law. Why, it would entail penal servitude, and I don't know what besides. You aren't in your cut-throat South America now, Mariquita."

"Timide! A pistachio for your insular

that!"

"The man's off his head," I suggested.

"It is odd. I might have had any of the rest of you if only I had given in to your pestering, and here's the one man I do want says 'no' when I filing the handkerchief at his feet."

"Judging from what I saw of the gentleman, he isn't up in metaphor. Are you certain he understood you?"

"Am I in the habit of mincing matters?"

"On second thoughts, I'll withdraw the last question. You always speak your mind very bluntly, Mariquita—as I have reason to know. Still, believe me, I am sorry for you."

"Timide! A pistachio for your insular straight-lacedness. You have promised, amigo, and I hold you to your word of honor. I order; it is for you to obey."

"By all that's curious, why?"
"Because thus far through life you have carried everything with a high hand exactly as you wished, and so this disappoint-

This was one of the things he said:

"You may bring a woman from the ends couldn't say certainly who his parents were, of the earth and rear her in London and though he believed he had Anglo-Saxon which will amply console her. Then he

THREE GAY AND BECOMING THEATER BODICES,

BREAKFAST GEISHAS

of brown straw pleated silk muslin drawn over apple green silk, and garnished with little overlapping straps of blue panne, and a belt of this last-mentionel goods and color.

There is much more sweetness and light, not to mention becomingness, in this dress than if it were worked out in dull, faded,

Dental Warner GEISHAS

of brown straw pleated silk muslin drawn of them excel all previous silk pettleoat records in extravagant ornamentation.

The body of a marquise should fit the figure rather snugly and be reinforced, with not to mention becomingness, in this dress than if it were worked out in dull, faded, Pretty Women.

Figures Are Smaller and Skin Whiter With Dark Backgrounds.

THE NEW BLOUSE SKIRTS

Special Correspondence of The Evening Star.

NEW YORK, November 25, 1901. Color, color everywhere, that is the big feature in fashion this season, and happily the American woman belongs to the type that looks its best in rainbow and stained glass effects. So few black gowns are in active use, either for street or house, that the occupant of a simple, serviceable, sable The schooner hove to off St. Hellers next | frock is set down as a hopeless old maid, morning, and I took a curious farewell of or the victim of a late, unhappy bereavethe captive-who was the very picture of ment. This does not mean, however, that mute resignation, and a warm one of Mari- black is not still utilized as a background quita-who expressed herself as infinitely for bold color combinations. What makes obliged to me fand mi half an hour's time I the skin shine whitest and the figure seem was on the St. Malo boat, getting back to its slightest but black broadcloth, corduroy, crepe de chine, crepe de laine, drap de Venice, or French felt? But if you hold dear your carefully acquired reputation as a woman of taste, don't let your black frock or hat be worn without lavish and judicious support of color. Crown your dusky tricorne or plateau hat with a dashing bow of blue or white, slash up the front of your wrist to show a vest stiff with bright em-broidery, utilize plenty of the best imitation of old lace that you can find in the under-sleeves at your waist, and braid or stitch your skirt as fancifully and contrastingly as the present law of the mode allows.

> black satin, stitched stiffly in silks of five bold colors. The companion gown is a win-ter veiling of gray camel's hair dropped over a blue foundation, bordered with black Misnesota fox at the edge of the skirt. Daring, but perfectly legitimate, is the waist model with its yoke and sleeve caps of horizontally tucked blue satin, and the additional decoration done in varying lengths of black satin ribbon finished with pear-shaped drops of gray and blue che nille. The Blouse Skirt. Whoever is desirous of having the proper

costume for the theater need only turn to the group of three hatless maidens sketched from life and a proscenium box. This trio illustrate the galety and fancifulness of the odd blouse as it is, and they also make clear the all-important point that a fancy blouse can be worn only with a corduroy or light transparent wool skirt.

If you go into a smart shop to buy a fancy waist the astute saleswoman saddens your economical soul by trying to sell you what she calls a blouse skirt. It is a skirt of severe simplicity, because the glories of the blouse must have the proper foil and background, and black or white or the palest grays are the neutral light and shade preferred. Every blouse glories in lace and some of them in lace that grandmamma or great great auntie wore. All of these invaluable little garments show elaborately designed sleeves, and it is just a tiny bit smarter to wear them flat in the neck, provided yours and Annie Laurie's fair throats are similar. Silk Petticoats Are Triumphant.

The silk petticoat has had a bitter rival to endure in the white cotton skirt, but the laurels of superiority rest at the moment with beautiful creations of silk. The most assertive colors in the loudest contrasts are not too exaggerated for the best afternoon and evening underskirts, and the marquise mode of combined skirt and cor-set cover has been brought out in order to meet the demand for an elegant and use-ful little undergarment to wear with the

GRAY VEILING AND RED HOMESPUN CALLING GOWN.

wintry tones. The same cheerful view can be taken of the two calling suits that are colored velvet ribbon, in order to set off grouped together. The figure to the left shows a warm Burgundy red Scotch home- With a marquise anything in the form of spun, which will wear like a Brussels car-pet, keyed up with elaborate strappings of gown to the simplest little kimono, is worn.

The Breakfast Geisha. Every year the kimono improves in usefulness and beauty, and this winter adorable little breakfast geishas of printed velveteen have captivated the hearts of wo-



Brown Combined With Apple green.

charming pattern of this improved robe,

as perfected for little women as well as their mammas. Printed velveteen is inex-pensive and it is also artistically lovely. In this instance the soft material is a soft tapestry blue stamped with big loose pink roses; the stole-shaped fronts are of imi-tation Irish lace laid over the blue reverse tation Irish lace laid over the blue reverse side of the velveteen, and the edges are bound with rose-colored wash ribbon; a little inner vest of rose China silk finished with lace completes a graceful front, and lace and ribbon adorn the full sleeves.

In passing it is perhaps as well to warn any woman hesitating in her choice of a decorative lace that Irish point is the first in the field this winter. It is the lace for hats, for coat collars, for fiat applications on cloth gowns, and for the most extravaon cloth gowns, and for the most extrava-gant evening dresses. Irish hand-made lace is wonderfully beautiful and justly costly, but the work of the patient, clever fingers, is exquisitely imitated by the swift machines, and though it often requires the eyes of a lace expert to distinguish be-tween the real and the imitation product, their prices are as far apart as the most enthusiastic economist could desire. MARY DEAN.

White Cloth Costume.

White cloth costumes are very chie. One of the prettiest seen recently had a bolero completely covered with undulating stitchings horizontally applied, the edges finished with two narrow tucks or folds of stitched taffets, the neck opening in a small square decolletage, showing a coarse gulpure blouse over ivory taffeta. Tiny straps of white cloth fastened with gilt buttons finished the coat very smartly. The skirt had a volant en forme, stitched, again, in undulating lines, giving a very graceful effect. A deep white suede belt studded with gilt clous was meant to be worn with this suit. There was also an adorable amazon hat in white felt, with drooping feathers and an immense gilt buckle, destined to be worn at the same time.

Then He Gets Noisy.

From the Chicago News. Mrs. Biggs-"Your husband isn't much for show He always dresses very quietly." Mrs. Diggs-"Huh! You ought to hear him sometimes when his collar button rolls under the dresser."

loiter an unnecessary moment, and carried him off as he was—in bob-tailed coat and slippers; and the steam launch set us on board, and the forestaysail sheet was let draw, and the schooner stood off down channel I ushered the poor devil into his state room and went to report to Mariquita.
"Won't you go and see him at once?" I asked, as she lay back on a sofa with a sigh of utter contentment, and showed no disposition to move.
"No. The moment for hurrying is past, and time shall have a chance now. I'm very happy as I am, and can quite afford to wait. The yacht is provisioned for three years, and, if necessary, she shall keep the seas for all that while." "Good heavens! Then you can't expect to keep me meandering about in your train? Why, my dear girl, it would utterly blast all my professional."" why, my dear girl, it would utterly blast all my professional—"
She laughed coolly. "Pooh! What a hypocrite you are. Not very many weeks ago your dream (as you put it) was to be near me always. You said you envied my dachshund. And now that you are offered the chance—" She completed the sentence with an element the professional with a poleoner than the contract of the chance of the sentence with an element the sentence with an element the sentence." with an eloquent shrug. "But don't fret.
I'll set you free tomorrow. Perhaps we shall never see one another again."
"Unless, of course, you tire of your present game, and revert, as per agreement, to "Precisely. When that interesting moment arrives I'll let you know. But, mon cher, I wouldn't wait for it, if I were you. You might tire if you did." The bright city fairly hummed with this last freak of hers, but about my share in it I preserved the silence of the dumb, though happily for my peace of the dumb, though happily for my peace of mind I got home leave directly afterward. Then other things filled my mind, and I studiously forgot that lawless raid till Mariquita forcibly reminded me of it. The news came in an extravagant cablegram from Shanghai, and, condensed inforced me that he is the condensed inforced. densed, informed me that the parson had relented (or been coerced), and made her his bride at the British consulate of that treaty port. I don't think I was surprised. She wasn't a woman who ever brooked

Paris.

CHEAP LITTLE GREENHOUSE

POSSIBLE TO BUILD AND EQUIP ONE FOR FIFTY DOLLARS.

Eh? What's that? What about the filted

sweetheart? Well, I didn't intend to tell

you men that, but as I've rambled on so deeply already you may as well have the lot. You see, that was the matter which

occupied me when I got back to England. I came across the girl there in a country

house, and—well, the fact is, I married her myself. I tell you fellows we both feel awfully indebted to Mariquita.

Which, With Proper Care, Should Yield a Hundred Per Cent in Pleasure and Profit.

Written for The Evening Star.

The greenhouse, pure and simple, is possible only in exceptionally favored localimorning, and for a week I heard nothing. I ties, where the soil is so well drained that water does not rise in excavations and the winters are so mild that sun heat under protecting glass is all that tenderest plants demand. Whoever in such a location has a stretch of sunny outer wall, with a few feet of spare space along it, may have loads of flowers the winter through at a very slight expense either in money or trouble, and all the more if a drum with

heated air from a furnace flue is set up just outside the wall. For such a greenhouse dig down beside the house wall to a depth of three feet and a breadth of six, all along the available stretch. Put down a concrete floor, six inches thick, and wall up to a foot above ground with either stone, brick or concrete. she had always been far too fond of riding roughshod over any one who ventured to run counter to her wishes.

The cablegram wound up with the cool command that I should go over instantly glass, running on to a glass roof. The roof is a lean-to stayed against the house wall. Have a door in the end, with steps down to

it. If possible also have a door from the house—thus in sharp weather one can go in and out without letting in cold air.
Fifty dollars should build and equip such a greenhouse. Seventy-five is a liberal estimate. Fit it inside with slat walk ways,

timate. Fit it inside with slat walk ways, laid upon the concrete floor, a bench of earth all along the side, its top level with the glass, and racks rising like steps against the house-wall space. Also have strong hooks overhead to hold swinging baskets and pots.

Plant in each outer corner a strong root of some climbing rose. Marechal Niel or Cloth of Gold will do excellently. Dig through the concrete floor and make a rich bed for the rose roots. Let them stay there bed for the rose roots. Let them stay there constantly. Have the roof movable so it can be raised in summer, or taken wholly away. Train the roses upon wires just un-

erneath the roof. Passion flowers may well be set in a deep box of the richest earth against some part of the house wall and trained to cover it with purble bloom. If the greenhouse stands outside a parlor, by making the walls high enough to let the roof reach the

walls high enough to let the roof reach the tops of the windows, the glass of them may have traceries of living bloom.

Plant seed and root cuttings in the bench, pricking them out, as they grow, into little pots, and shifting from the little to big ones. Plant bulbs also in the bench; hyacinths and tulips for Christmas blossom about the first of August, and later ones in succession. Plant also a few bulbs in pots. Set them in the shade under the bench for six weeks, until they have struck strong roots then set in the light and wabench for six weeks, until they have struck strong roots, then set in the light and water freely while they are growing. After the buds are well set, take the pots into the house—seventy degrees will not hurt them, though the greenhouse temperature will run between fifty and sixty. Crocuses will bloom in it, and many, many other things. Almost any flower will bud, in fact, though for perfect blossom a little more warmth is needed.

Collarless Dresses.

It is a decided change in fashions to hear that high collars are coming in, but it is not believed that they will stay, because not believed that they will stay, because there is a perfect craze still for having indoor bodices collarless. The prettiest fashion consists of a collar of fur with an inner one of lace. The question of catching cold is not considered by the woman of fashion, but it must be admitted that when a woman gets past her first youth her neck does not look its best entirely uncovered in the day-time.

STAINED GLASS EFFECTS

Correct Color Effects.

To have the lesson and logic of this lecture fully illustrated glance over the charming accompanying sketches. The gowns are of cloth and absolutely apropos of the argument of the opening para-

A Marquise Petticont. graph. One of these is a house dress of kangaroo brown morning cloth, made with a double skirt and a bolero waist. The edges of the skirt are garnished with bands of pierced embroidery, done in cut blue slik, and through the interstices of the embroidery glints the cheerful apple green of the bed-room wrapper, or the easy, frilly coffee skirt's linings. The front of the waist is jacket. A marquise is included this au-

BREAKFAST GEISHA OF VELVETEEN AND IMITATION IRISH LACE

Paris, cramming her to the pins in the hair with all their conventionalities; but if she be a woman, she will chuck all such varnish overboard if ever she be stirred by a really mighty passion, and she will show again to broad daylight the naked soul that

was born within her ribs."
Some one laughed, indolently, yet unbelievingly, and then the diplomatist broke out into a tale in support of his assertion. This is the tale:

I. The woman I was talking of was one of the richest spinsters in the world. She was raised some 200 miles up-country from Rio, and had had it constantly impressed on her there that every word she spoke was law

HOW HE SUCCEEDED IN SPITE OF HARD-SHIP AND ADVERSITY.

An Interesting True Story of a Man in

Lower Maine - No Reason Why Others Should Not Follow His Example. Everybody has had at least one good opportunity in his life, but everybody has not made the most

of his chance as did Mr. F. E. Brainard. His good fortune is the cause of much comment among those who know him, and, says the Maine Farmer, Augusta, it was deemed advisable to look the matter up for its news interest. The man in question was found on his way to work in a neighboring field, but, upon the reporter's telling his errand, they went back to the porch of Mr. Brainard's well-

kept farm house. Yes," said the robust farmer, "it was a happy day for me and I never tire telling about it. Five years ago I had the grip and it left me in bad shape. My head ached and my back ached; I was dizzy and I could not sleep nights. My heart was also affected. My stomach was so bad that when I ate anything it seemed to set it on fire. I consuited a doctor and he said my liver was very

"Did his treatment do you any good?" asked the "He gave me some medicine, but it didn't help me and I became worse and worse. Finally I had

to give up my work. "But my good fortune began with the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," continued Mr. Brainard. "My case was stubborn, and the first few doses did not seem to help me much, but I kept on taking them, and, when I began on the second box, I could see a decided improvement Four boxes made me entirely well. Now I can do a good day's work and it's all because of Dr.

Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Mr. Brainard lives at Readfield Depot, Kenebe County, Me. At the request of the reporter, in order that no doubt could remain as to the truth of his statement, he made affidavit to the abov before Frement J. C. Little, justice of the peace, June 4, 1901.

The after-effects of the grip have made many people miserable as Mr. Brainard was, and hundreds, like him, have been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Not only will they cure cases similar to this, but they have been proven to be an unfailing specific for such disease as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatics, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions and all forms of weakness either in male or female. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, fifty cents a box, or six boxes for two dollars and a half (they are never sold in bulk or by the hundred) by addressing Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y. They act directly on the blood and nerves. Avoid in initations; substitutes never cured anybody.

board-school child in the British Museum; he gazed on the sumptuously dressed crowds that thronged her salons, and he delighted in all he saw. But by a singular irony Mariquita didn't dazzle him in the very least degree, and as for thinking that "Your English noblemen are very funny." paid on receipt of price, fifty cents a box, or six

"WON'T YOU GO AND SEE HIM?" I ASKED. blood in him. His wife was a New Orleans | will be without other claims, and I shall creole, who spoke nigger French patois as a native tongue, and emphatically asserted herself to be an English woman. So what countrywoman by blood Mariquita really was, it is hard to say. She spoke English, French, Catalan Spanish and mongrel Portuguese with equal fluency and inaccuracy, and when I asked her once in Paris what her nationality was she said she mostly put herself down as French. But then she might say she was a Yaqui Indian for any-

thing she cared. She was a most extraordinary woman. Her father died when she was fifteen, and a year afterward she came to Europe, and lived entirely on her own particular hook She apparently hadn't a relative, or guardiap, or any governing connection in the world. She signed her own checks, had an unlimited balance to draw upon, and acted in all ways exactly as seemed to her best. She was rather petite in figure, gloriously handsome, and would suffer advice to be thrust upon her by no one. And yet she held her own perfectly, and laughed glee-

fully at the many attempts that were made to take her in.
On the whole she wasn't badly educated, for although I don't think she ever troubled herself to grind at any book-learning. she was very quick at picking matters up; and one can learn a good many things from smart conversation, if only one listens well and doesn't forget. She was remarkably independent, but she knew thoroughly ho the conventionalities were marked out; and when it suited her purpose to do so—as it generally did—she kept within their bounds. For instance, she had an old stone broke, muddle-witted marquise of the ancient regime as nominal head of her hotel in the Boulevarde Haussman. But if she wanted

to fling her heels, up they went, no matter who was looking. Mariquita was by no means a difficult person to get to know in those days, and I had the entree to her salon almost directly after I had taken up quarters in Paris. She danced divinely—as all women with peninsular blood in them can do—she was most fascinating to look at and talk

with peninsular blood in them can do—she was most fascinating to look at and talk to, and I expect I must have shown pretty clearly how much I was struck, for only the third evening I came across her she coolly fold me not to propose to her.

"I know you were going to," said she, "and I suppose you'll do it still. They most of them do. And then afterward they get suiky and go away. I hate that. I like friends, and I like admiration—heaps of both. But when I want a man for a husboth. But when I want a man for a hus-band I'll say so. I'm not shy, mon ami. I'll do the asking myself."

After that-and remembering the money-

After that—and remembering the money—I held my tongue, though I was honestly very much smitten with her at the time, and would have married her out of hand if she hadn't possessed a louis.

They transferred me to St. Petersburg and I lost sight of her for a couple of years, but when I got back to Paris again there she was, just the same as before, with most of the old courtiers around her, and many new ones besides. She hadn't chosen a Mr. Mariquita yet, but rumor pointed to the lucky man. pointed to the lucky man.

He was English—aggressively English—.
long and thin, milk and watery, profoundly
ugly, and, oddest of all, a parson. To be
precise, he was a curate from a small south
coast village. On the principle that it was
impossible to imagine a more unlikely man
for Mariquita to take a fancy for, I wasn't
in the least surprised at her choice; but
it did startle me to find that he wasn't an
atom epris in return. He stared about at atom epris in return. He stared about at the wonderful things in her hotel like a board-school child in the British Museum;

have him to myself. Voila tout."
I laughed and left her. There was a fine originality in the idea of pensioning off a

man's sweetheart. II. She left Paris by the Calais train next Then a cablegram came to my address, in which words were lavished riotously. Even added that she wouldn't insist on that, because it didn't really matter. So long as a millionaire would not have scattered she was alive and enjoying herhelf, people | money broadcast into the telegraph depart-

ment like that, except in a moment of extremity. Condensed, it said that she had failed in her negotiations all round. The sweetheart refused; the parson would not listen to reason, and was living behind barri-

caded doors, and consequently she, Mariquita, was furious. Knowing her as I did, I smiled grimly at thoughts of the scenes with which that sleepy south coast village would be thrilled. And I'm afraid it occurred to me that the pull up would do her good. To my taste she had always been far too fond of riding

The cablegram wound up with the cool command that I should go ever instantly and assist her to gain her ends. Of course, it was just the sort of thing Mariquita might be expected to ask, but I saw no particular reason for compliance and so cabled

ticular reason for compliance, and so cabled a refusal. "Can't come. No use if I did. You won't get him, anyway." As fast as the clerks could flash it through the wires a reply came thus: "See here. Help me all you know to get

him. If I fall you may propose to me for the seventh time, and I'll say, 'Yes, darling!' That ought to encourage you, if you believe what you wrote an hour ago. Now, It was a quaint offer, and coming from any other woman on earth it would have made me rabid. But Mariquita was Mariquita, and a law unto herself. So I went there and then, without waiting to pack.

She was stopping at the Grand at South-ampton, and her greeting was a nod and the question, "Well, what's your scheme?" "My dear girl, I couldn't make any till I knew how the land lay."

knew how the land lay."

"Peste! you should have mapped out fifty, to suit every contingency. But if you are so dull-witted, listen! They are to be married almost directly. I do not know how you cold-blooded English work such things, but fortunately some delay seems necessary. Still, their 'banns' (whatever those may be) have been called out twice."

"Then, by Jove, Mariquita, you've only a week's law. They evidently funk you desperately, and are going to get safely tied together out of harm's way. There's only one method of preventing it that I can see. Order round your yacht, kidnap him on board, and once safely at sea you can afford to wait for terms."

ford to wait for terms."

I said this more or less in irony, but to my disgust she took it up promptly.

"Yes, that has good points, though it is not altogether practical, as my yacht is at Marseilles, and would take too long to get into commission and bring round. But I can improve on it." can improve on it." She rang the bell and sent for the manager. The man put in an appearance very promptly. "What large yacht is there here ready

for sea?"
"Lord Raybury's schooner clears for the South Pacific tomorrow, madam"

"Owner?"

"Lord Raybury." "Where does he live?"
"He is now staying here, madam."
"Good. Show me to his room."
"If madam will follow me?"
The pair of them left me, and in about